

THE BOURBON NEWS

Published every Tuesday and Friday by
W. L. CHAMP, Editor and Owner
SWIFT CHAMP, Editors and Owners

FOR LARGER LIVES.

In Heaven, they say, is undisturbed and perfect peace; and yet
Along our heart strings, even there, a
Tremor of regret
Must sometimes wander into pain, if mem-
ory survives—
A grief that in this good, great world we
lived no larger lives.

God moves our planet gloriously among
the starry spheres,
And nobler movements for our souls,
through these mortal years,
In widening orbit toward Himself eternally
He planned.
We creep and rust in treadmill grooves—we
will not be made grand.

He sent us forth His children, of His inmost
life a part,
His breath, His being, each a throb of His
deep Father heart;
He shaped us in His image, suns to flood
His worlds with day.
Alas! we stifle down His light and deaden
into clay.

Meant to be living fountains—not little
stagnant pools,
Stirred aimlessly from shallow depths,
walled round with petty rules,
Drying away to dust at last, to Him we
might ascend,
And with the river of His life in crystal
freshness blend.

To share His freedom—sons of God! there
is no higher aim
Can kindle any human hope to an immortal
flame!
It is the keenest shame of these mean, fet-
tered lives we lead—
We choose the weights that drag us down,
refusing to be freed.

Yet souls that win immortal heights un-
clogged with self must move!
The only thing that we can take from earth
to Heaven is love!
To make us great like Thee, O God! Thy
spirit with us stive!
Enlarge our lives to take Thee in! O give
us nobler lives!

—Lucy Larcom, in Christian Work.

MAUREEN'S LOVER

By Constance Halkett.

OF COURSE, I know that any number
of men have been guardians some-
times (as I am) to a young and pretty
ward.

But my wife and I agreed one day
that, among the lot of them, no body
could possibly give more food for
thought and anxiety than did Maureen
O'Connor, our niece and ward.

To say she was pretty sounds tame.
She was as fresh and sweet as a wild
flower. She was as wild as any deer
on our hills. She feared neither man
nor beast, rode horses many boys would
have declined to mount, could swim like
a fish and run like a hare. When I add
that she was just 17, and had shut up
her lesson books with a decided bang
the day before her birthday, you will
perhaps understand why my wife and I
were sitting looking at each other, dis-
cussing Maureen.

She was, or would be, an heiress, and
she knew about as much on the subject
of money as those birds yonder near the
marsh. She could spend it, though, for
she loved giving. No tale of distress
was ever told to her in vain, for she had
the warmest of Irish hearts. The only
way, indeed, one could influence her, I
found out long ago, was to appeal to
that—it was no good lecturing Maureen.

My wife was looking rather helpless.
Maureen adored her, but ruled her—
absolutely. My wife worshipped Maureen,
and spoiled her horribly, but to me
she always played the role of a dutiful
ward, though she knew perfectly
well that it never deceived me for one
moment.

"She ought to go to the city and
make her social debut," she said, firmly.
"I quite agree with you," said I, "but
will she go?"

"I—I don't know."

"Ah! I laughed, 'you see, we can't
exactly make her go.'"

"Have you ever been able to make her
do anything?" my wife asked, scorn-
fully.

She spoke as if she had been in the
habit of enforcing obedience on Maureen
every other minute, and I was riled.

"I haven't heard that your attempts
in that direction have been so very
successful," I said, crossly.

Whereupon we both laughed (we
possess a sense of humor—a thing
which saves so many situations from
becoming serious).

Just then, through the open win-
dow, we caught sight of a dainty,
charming figure, in the simplest of
draperies, tearing across the lawn,
three or four dogs at her heels.

I went to the window and called
her back. She came reluctantly.

"Am I in for a scolding?" she
asked, her lovely face mulish, her
eyes so full of laughter that they
would have dismissed the severest
guardian, I almost think.

"Come in here," I said, "we want
to speak to you seriously."

She groaned and gave a backward
glance across the flower-spangled
meadows and the sunny garden.

"Fancy being serious on such a
day!" she said. "It's wasting one's
time positively, I do assure you."

However she lifted her dainty
skirts, and with one bound was in
at the window.

"My dear," I said, "you're grown up
now, you know."

believe she had learned out of a book,
as she hasn't a particle of her own.

Maureen sat there as quiet as a
mouse and listened patiently, but she
said nothing until we came to a full
stop. It is a trifle difficult to go on
adducing arguments in support of a
plan when nobody says anything to
contradict you.

That was what we both felt, so we
paused. Maureen still sat silent for
a moment, then she spoke. I had never
heard Maureen's voice with that in-
fection in my life; she was actually
serious.

"My dears," she said, and she slipped
one hand into mine and another into
my wife's, "you've been very good to
me all my life," and there was a thrill
in her voice as she said it which made
my eyes grow suddenly dim. "I've lost
both father and mother, but you have
been to me so kind that I never missed
either—can I say more? But don't
make me do this thing. What is the
idea? I shall be rich some day, and
I know you think me pretty, therefore
you would like me to make a grand
marriage. I don't care if I marry or
don't, but I'm quite sure it would be
hateful to live in a dirty old city, and
I'm not going to do it, so that is quite
settled, isn't it?"

During the first quarter of her speech
my wife and I held our breaths—it was
so unlike the Maureen of every day—
but the windup held a family likeness
to speeches we had often heard, and
we felt that we were treading familiar
ground once more.

"Then you won't go," I said.

"Indeed, I won't," she replied, and
then there was a vision of gathered
skirts and tiny feet, for Maureen had
departed by the way she had come.

My wife and I looked at each other
and gave a sigh of relief.

"I hate the city," she said, sudden-
ly, "but I thought it was my duty to
take her there."

"Just what I felt myself," I told her,
"but apparently we won't have to up-
root ourselves after all; you see, she
has made up her mind."

"It never takes her long to do that,"
"If she made up her mind to marry
anybody, for instance, and we didn't
approve," she suggested, "what could
we do?"

My face, I presume, presented a
blank, for my wife jumped up and
went out of the room laughing.

Maureen wasn't my only care, either.
I had a son called Tom, and he was
as wild as a hawk, so I need hardly say
that he and my ward hunted in couples.
He was a year or two younger than
she was, but he would have followed
her to the moon willingly had there
been a path there, and there had never
been an escape of hers in which Tom
had not had his full share.

I had had tutors for him, but one
after another these gentlemen had in-
formed me that—well, one of them had
insinuated that I had better engage
one of the wild beast tamers from a
traveling menagerie, as such a person
might succeed in instructing Tom.
For an ordinary man it was a hopeless
task, he said, to attempt to teach him
anything.

My wife had warned me not to en-
gage any young man as tutor this time.
"Now Maureen is grown up," she said,
"your own common-sense will tell you
that it wouldn't do at all."

I agreed hastily, and sat down to ac-
cept the suggestion of a friend who
had proposed sending me a certain
Prof. Bryant, who, my friend said, was
quite clever at dealing with boys. I
had visions of spectacles and a brain
stuffed with classical lore, of some
old dry-as-dust specimen of humanity,
and gave a sigh of sympathy with Tom.
I remembered my own mad youth, and
understood him better than most peo-
ple could, except Maureen.

But the boy must learn; he was go-
ing to college soon to prepare him-
self for the bar, and he needed preliminary
tuition.

My letter was written and duly dis-
patched, my terms were accepted by
"Prof. Bryant," and a few days later
came a telegram announcing his ar-
rival.

I had spoken to Maureen about it,
and she had coaxed Tom into a state of
quiescence, which was a shade better
than the open rebellion which he usu-
ally showed to new arrivals of the
genus tutor.

I sent a carriage to the station to
meet the professor, and stayed at home
to receive him.

I went out to the hall when I heard
the wheels on the drive, and I shall
never forget my feelings of surprise
when the "professor" came into the
lamp-lit room. He was six feet three
at least—a fair-haired, blue-eyed gi-
ant, and if he was more than six and
twenty, I'm well, add to that the fact
that he was the most attractive man I
ever saw in my life, and you will under-
stand that, as he stood there facing me
in his rough tweed suit, I was mentally
ejaculating:

"What will Molly (my wife) say?"

What she did say was so different
from what I expected that I was
struck dumb, and only stared at her,
wondering for the hundred thousandth
time at the inconsistency of women.

She just looked at me, her eyes
bright, and her cheeks quite pink, and
she said:

"He's the handsomest man I ever
saw; he is one of Bryant's of Dorchester,
a cousin of my mother's (isn't that
queer?). He's as good as gold, and as
nice as he can be, and I do wish he'd
fall in love with Maureen."

Which speech, as I have already re-
marked, struck me dumb.

There was no use reminding her
"You said so and so a week ago," she
would have waved me aside with an
air: "One is at liberty to change one's
mind." So I, metaphorically, took a
back seat, and waited to see what would
happen next.

What did happen was a refreshing
change to the Bryant at once.

ishing. Of this art Bryant was found
to be a past master, and Tom's respect
for him increased accordingly.

The other noticeable fact since his
arrival was still more extraordinary.

Maureen became strangely quiet—
oddly shy—a new loveliness had touched
her face, and even I knew that it was
something which could not be account-
ed for by any physical cause. It was
almost the difference of an "Undine"
before she had a soul and after she
possessed one, or at least the difference
between a child and a woman.

Maureen had crossed the dividing
line, and, consciously or unconscio-
usly, somebody had won her heart.

Things went on much as usual
otherwise, but, about six months after
Bryant's arrival, he asked to see me
in the library "on business."

My heart sank. He was going to
throw up the place—of course. I knew
that. He did "throw up the place,"
as I had expected; but he said to me,
when he had done so: "I think it's
only fair to tell you that it's not be-
cause of any trouble I have had with
Tom that I am leaving. We get on
capitally. The boy has brains and grit
enough for two. He'll make his mark
by and by—"

"Out with it, man!" I said, impa-
tiently. "I can't stand people who
leave a sentence unfinished."

Bryant smiled broadly.

"All right," he said, "I'll go straight
to the point. I love Miss O'Connor,
your niece and ward. I am a poor
man; although a small estate at Dor-
chester belongs to me, it has been
let for years, and I haven't enough
to keep a wife, even supposing that I
might venture to try and win Miss
O'Connor. I am getting to care for
her more deeply every day, and I'm
going away because I can't stand it."

"Bless my soul!" I said, "you had
better tell her that."

Bryant took a step forward, his eyes
very bright.

"Do you mean to tell me that you
would sanction," he began, eagerly,
then checked himself hastily; "but no,"
he said, "it is impossible, I've hardly
any money."

"But I've enough for two," said a
soft voice at my elbow, and, turning
round, I found Maureen beside me.

"It seems to me," I said to Bryant,
"that this is a matter to settle be-
tween you. If Maureen wants to mar-
ry you, she will marry you, whether
I approve or not. I'm not sure whether
she wouldn't marry you whether you
approved or not. Anyhow, I am off
to the farm; you can fight it out be-
tween yourselves."

I met my wife in the passage. Her
face was simply a note of interroga-
tion.

"It's all right," I said, laconically.
"Bryant and Maureen are in there."

"Then he has fallen in love with her,"
she said, joyfully.

"It looks like it," I remarked.
But she paid no attention and
went on:

"And he will marry her?"

"I shouldn't be surprised," I said,
"but of one thing I am certain—she
will marry him."

And she did.—N. Y. Weekly.

WHALE IN HIS BACK YARD.

A Memorial of the Great Upheaval at
Los Angeles a Million
Years Ago.

It is not everyone who can point
with pride to a whale 80 feet long in
his back yard. This privilege belongs
to an East Los Angeles man, reports a
local exchange. Some time ago, while
walking over his property, he noticed
a peculiar white streak which had
weathered out. It looked like chalk, or
as if whitewash had been sprinkled
along the ground and had soaked in.

The owner of the land began to in-
vestigate the matter with pick and
shovel. To his amazement he found
that the streak was made by enormous
bones, which, one by one, were dug out.
They were huge round masses, each
a lift for two men. The bones were
in regular lines and were traced for
80 feet. They were not identified until
a scientific man came along one day,
and, after inspecting them, informed
the owner that they were the vertebrae
of a whale.

This is the sixth or seventh whale dis-
covered in the corporate limits of Los
Angeles and there are doubtless many
others still unearthened, and it is evident
that at one time a large school of
whales was trapped on the California
coast. Los Angeles is about 17 miles
from the ocean and 6,000 feet above
high-water mark; and from the top of
the hills it can be readily seen how the
cetaceans were entrapped. Perhaps a
million years ago, more or less, the
Pacific flowed over the present site of
the town. Here countless whales must
have gathered and paraded up and
down the coast, as they do to-day.

They wandered far inland, in all prob-
ability over the present Mojave and
Arizona deserts. Finally, without
warning, one of the greatest cata-
clysms in the history of the world came.
The entire coast was lifted into the air;
mountains assumed shape, and the
dripping kelp-lined rocks, reeking
with the life of the sea, were lifted with
titanic force. The great inland bays
and estuaries became dry land in an in-
stant. Myriads of animals, huge
whales and fishes of all kinds became
lodged in the mud banks, where they
are found to-day, monuments of the
great upheaval which saw the forma-
tion of the coast range of the Pacific.

From Tia Juana to Santa Barbara
there are evidences which tell the same
story. Now on the slopes of, many
times, high above the crater, is the old
beach, with its shells, bones and
sharks' teeth; and everywhere whale-
bones have been found, showing that
scores of these were trapped in the up-
heaval. In the San Luis range a great
whale skeleton was found in relief, as

MISNOMERS.

Irish stew is not an Irish but an
English dish.

Turkish baths did not originate in
Turkey, but in Russia.

So-called porpoise hide is in reality
the skin of the white whale.

Turkeys do not come from Turkey.
The bird is a native of America.

Camel's hair brushes are made from
the soft, bushy tail of the common
squirrel.

Prussian blue does not come to us
from Prussia. It is a chemical prod-
uct of which England makes her full
share.

German silver is not silver at all,
but an alloy of the baser metals,
which was invented in China and used
there for centuries.

Cayenne pepper is prepared not from
a pepper plant, but from a capsicum.
Neither is burgundy pitch pitch; nor
does it come from Burgundy.

Cork legs are not constructed of
cork, neither did they come from the
city of that name. The usual materi-
al for a cork leg is weeping willow,
covered with rawhide.

An injustice is done Germany in
calling the cheap but useful wooden-
cased clocks she has so long produced
Dutch. The mistake arises from the
German word for German—"Deutsch."

Jerusalem artichokes do not come
from Jerusalem. The plant is not a
native of the Holy Land. The Jerusa-
lem artichoke is a sunflower, and
gains its name from the French word
"girasole," meaning "plant which
turns toward the sun."

Cleopatra's needle has nothing to
do with Cleopatra, but was set up
about 1,000 years before that lady was
born by Thothmes III., a full record
of whose wonderful exploits is pre-
served in the Temple of Karnak and in
the British museum.

THE INDUSTRIAL WORLD.

During the year 1899 Switzerland
exported \$8,000,000 worth of cheese.

A steamer was recently loaded in
Duluth with 250,000 bushels of flaxseed,
valued at \$468,000.

A vast bed of sulphur has lately been
discovered in the region eastward of
the Caspian sea, which is said to be one
of the richest in the world.

The minister of public works for
France reports that in the first six
months of 1900 France produced 146,
803 tons of steel rails, against 128,698 in
the first half of 1899. Production of
pig-iron was 1,341,988 tons, against
1,287,041.

Switchboards for the handling of
electric currents have grown in size
and complexity with the increasing
power of the modern dynamo until they
are now highly important and costly
adjuncts of electrical installations.

One of the most important industries
of the Bahama islands is the gathering
of pink pearls. It is the only place in
the world where these pearls are found.

These pearls, when perfect, bring very
high prices, it is said, from \$10 to
\$1,000.

There has just been started at Steu-
benville, O., the first American manu-
factory of glass marbles, which have
hitherto been imported from Ger-
many.

ECHOES FROM INDIA.

In his recent report on the Indian
famine the viceroy, Lord Curzon, says
that it is impossible to tell the actual
mortality, but there has apparently
been an excess of deaths over the
normal number of 750,000.

The infantile mortality in Calcutta
last year was very high, giving a ratio
of 366.8 to every 1,000 children born
during the year, the Mohammedan
ratio being 504.3, the Hindu ratio
284.7, while the Christian was only
174.4.

THE MARKETS.

Cincinnati, Dec. 1.

CATTLE—Common . . . \$2 25 @ 3 25
Extra butchers . . . 4 65 @ 4 75
CALVES—Extra . . . 7 00 @ 7 00
HOGS—Choice packers . . . 4 72 1/2 @ 4 80
Mixed packers . . . 4 60 @ 4 70
SHEEP—Extra . . . 3 35 @ 3 50
LAMBS—Extra . . . 4 65 @ 4 75
FLOUR—Spring pat. . . 3 90 @ 4 30
WHEAT—No. 3 red. . . @ 76 1/2
CORN—No. 2 mixed. . . @ 35
OATS—No. 2 mixed. . . @ 24
RYE—No. 2 . . . @ 52
HAY—Best timothy. . . @ 14 50
PORK—Family . . . @ 12 45
LARD—Steam . . . @ 6 75
BUTTER—Ch. dairy. . . @ 15
Choice creamery . . . @ 27
APPLES—Ch. to fancy 2 75 @ 3 00
POTATOES—Per brl. 1 40 @ 1 50
TOBACCO—New . . . 5 25 @ 6 00
Old . . . 12 00 @ 13 75

Chicago.

FLOUR—Win. patent. 3 65 @ 3 80
WHEAT—No. 2 red. . . 71 @ 73
No. 3 spring. . . 66 @ 68 1/2
CORN—No. 2 . . . 26 @ 35 1/2
OATS—No. 2 . . . 22 1/2 @ 25
RYE . . . @ 45
PORK—Mess . . . 11 00 @ 11 12 1/2
LARD—Steam . . . 6 97 1/2 @ 7 00

New York.

FLOUR—Win. patent. 3 60 @ 3 80
WHEAT—No. 2 red. . . @ 74 1/2
CORN—No. 2 mixed. . . @ 45 1/2
OATS—No. 2 mixed. . . @ 26 1/2
RYE . . . @ 55 1/2
PORK—Family . . . 15 50 @ 16 50
LARD—Steam . . . @ 7 50

Baltimore.

WHEAT—No. 2 red. . . 70 1/2 @ 71
Southern . . . 69 1/2 @ 71 1/2
CORN—No. 2 mixed. . . 42 1/2 @ 43
OATS—No. 2 mixed. . . 26 @ 26 1/2
CATTLE—Butchers . . . 4 90 @ 5 15
HOGS—Western . . . 5 40 @ 5 50

Louisville.

FLOUR—Win. patent. 4 25 @ 4 70
WHEAT—No. 2 red. . . @ 75
CORN—Mixed . . . @ 42 1/2
OATS—Mixed . . . @ 26
PORK—Mess . . . @ 12 00
LARD—Steam . . . @ 7 00

BUSINESS EDUCATION

LEXINGTON BUSINESS COLLEGE

INCORPORATED

B. B. JONES, Pres.
E. G. SPINK, Vice-Pres.

THE LEADING PRACTICAL SCHOOL OF THE SOUTH.

Bookkeeping • Shorthand • Telegraphy

Courses graded. Short, Practical, Modern. Normal Course for Teachers. No vacation. Cheap Board, club or private.

Best Home Study Courses—Shorthand or Bookkeeping. Experienced Teachers. Individual Instruction. Three Departments—All Commercial Branches. Enter Any Time. Open to Both Sexes. Elegant Diploma.

POSITIONS: Tuition may be deposited in bank until position is secured. 165 former pupils holding positions in Lexington alone. For "Kata-log" and full particulars, address

B. B. JONES, President, LEXINGTON, KY.

For particulars concerning HOME STUDY, address Dept. B.

FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

PIKE CAMPBELL, Manager.

Centrally located. Convenient to business portion of city and all theatres. Only good hotel in Louisville giving \$2 rate. Excellent service. 18c to 3m.

ATTENTION, CITIZENS.

Now is the time to bring in your engines, mowers and farm machinery for repairs. Also Mower and binder blades. And don't forget your lawn mowers, gas and oil stoves which I will make as good as new. Gas, steam and water pipe fitting. Steel ranges repaired. All work guaranteed.

NEWMAN'S MACHINE SHOP

Cor. Third and Pleasant St.

JOHN CONNELLY, PLUMBER,

PARIS, KENTUCKY.

Work guaranteed satisfactory. Calls promptly answered. Your work is solicited. Prices, reasonable.

HOTEL REED,

LEXINGTON, KY.

JAS. CONNOR, Prop.

Newly furnished and improved. Service excellent. Rate, \$2 per day. Headquarters for Bourbon people.

THE DIRECT LINE BETWEEN CINCINNATI AND CHICAGO,

INDIANAPOLIS

MONON ROTE,

Connecting at Chicago for the

NORTH AND WEST,

And at Cincinnati with all Roads for

SOUTHERN CITIES

AND THE

Health and Pleasure Resorts of FLORIDA, CALIFORNIA and MEXICO.

Four trains weekdays, three Sundays, CINCINNATI and CHICAGO.

Cafe Cars, Pullman Compartment, and Standard Sleepers.

Any Agent or Representative of the C. H. & D. will be pleased to furnish information, or address,

B. G. EDWARDS,

Passenger Traffic Manager, CINCINNATI, OHIO.

KIDNEY DISEASES

are the most fatal of all diseases.

FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE is a Guaranteed Remedy

or money refunded. Contains remedies recognized by eminent physicians as the best for Kidney and Bladder troubles.

General Passenger Office
The Louisville, Nashville & Santa Fe Ry.

CHESAPEAKE & OHIO RY.

TIME TABLE.
IN EFFECT JULY 18, 1900.

EAST BOUND.

Ar Louisville . . . 8 30am 6 00pm
Ar Lexington . . . 11 0am 8 40pm
Ar Winchester . . . 11 37am 9 18pm 8 56am 8 30pm
Ar Mt. Sterling . . . 12